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10-30-2010

# Benjamin Scheerschmidt, Baritone, Senior Voice Recital

Benjamin Scheerschmidt  
*Cedarville University*

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF  
BENJAMIN SCHEERSCHMIDT  
BARITONE

KATRINA GINGERICH  
AND AARON SOUTHWORTH  
PIANO

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 2010  
7:30 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

### I

*Cara sposa, amante cara*, from RINALDO . . . . . Georg Friedrich Händel  
(1685-1759)

*Hai già vinta la causa, vedro mentr'io*,  
from LE NOZZE DI FIGARO . . . . . Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

### II

Selections from SCHWANENGESANG . . . . . Franz Schubert  
*Ständchen* . . . . . (1797-1828)  
*Der Doppelgänger*

*Der Erlkönig* . . . . . Franz Schubert

### III

*Le miroir* . . . . . Gustave Ferrari  
(1872-1948)

*L'heure exquise* . . . . . Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874-1947)

*Nuit d'étoiles* . . . . . Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

## INTERMISSION

### IV

*i carry your heart* . . . . . John Woods Duke  
(1899-1984)

*Oh You to Whom I Often and Silently Come* . . . . . Ned Rorem  
(b. 1923)

*Visits to St. Elizabeth's* . . . . . Ned Rorem

V

*If I Didn't Believe in You*,  
from THE LAST FIVE YEARS . . . . . Jason Robert Brown  
(b.1970)

*If I Sing*, from CLOSER THAN EVER . . . . . David Shire  
(b. 1937)

*Lily's Eyes*, from THE SECRET GARDEN . . . . . Lucy Simon  
(b. 1943)

Assisted by Matthew Scheerschmidt, Bass

*What Do You Do With a BA in Music?*  
from AVENUE Q . . . . . Robert Lopez and Jeff Marx  
(b. 1975) (b. 1970)

Benjamin is a student of Mark Spencer.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment  
of the Bachelor of Music degree.

*No flash photography, please.  
Please turn off all cell phones.*

## TRANSLATIONS

### *Cara sposa, amante cara*

Beloved spouse, dearest heart, where art thou? Woe! Return to him who weeps!

### *Hai già vinta la causa, vedro mentr'io*

"You've won the case already!" What do I hear? What trap have I fallen into? Scoundrels! I'll punish you in this way, the decision will be how I want it. But if he pays off the old plaintiff? Pay her! How? And then there's Antonio, who won't give his niece in marriage to the nobody Figaro. To nurture that lamebrain's pride ...everything's useful for the plot... the deed is done.

Shall I, while I'm sighing, see one of my servants happy? And the good thing I want in vain, shall he have it? Shall I see the woman who woke in me a feeling she doesn't have for me united to a vile object by the hand of love?

Ah no! I won't leave this happiness in peace, you weren't born, rash person, to torture me, and maybe to laugh at my unhappiness. Now only the hope of the revenges I'll have consoles this soul and makes me rejoice.

### *Ständchen*

My songs quietly implore you through the night; down to the silent wood my love, come to me! The tree tops whisper in the light of the moon; don't be afraid, my love, no-one will observe us.

Can you hear the nightingales? Oh! They implore you, their sweet lament pleads with you on my behalf.

They understand the yearning I feel, they know love's torture, with their silvery notes they touch every soft heart.

Let them touch yours, too, sweet love: hear my plea! Trembling I await you, come, bring me bliss!

### *Der Doppelgänger*

The night is quiet, the streets are calm, in this house my beloved once lived: she has long since left the town, but the house still stands, here in the same place.

A man stands there also and looks to the sky, and wrings his hands overwhelmed by pain: upon seeing his face, I am terrified - the moon shows me my own form!

O you Doppelgänger! You pale comrade! Why do you ape the pain of my love which tormented me upon this spot so many a night so long ago?

### *Der Erlkönig*

Who rides, so late, through night and wind? It is the father with his child. He has the boy well in his arm he holds him safely, he keeps him warm. "My son, why do you hide your face so anxiously?" "Father, do

you not see the Erl king? The Erl king with crown and tail?" "My son, it's a wisp of fog." "You lovely child, come, go with me! Many a beautiful game I'll play with you; Many colorful flowers are on the shore, My mother has many golden robes." "My father, my father, and don't you hear What Erl king is quietly promising me?" "Be calm, stay calm, my child; the wind is rustling through withered leaves." "Do you want to come with me, dear boy? My daughters shall wait on you fine; my daughters will lead the nightly dance, and rock and dance and sing you to sleep." "My father, my father, and don't you see there Erl king's daughters in the gloomy place?" "My son, my son, I see it clearly: the old willows they shimmer so grey."

"I love you, your beautiful form entices me; and if you're not willing, I shall use force." "My father, my father, he's grabbing me now! Erl king has done me some harm!"

The father shudders; he swiftly rides on, he holds the moaning child in his arms, is hardly able to reach his farm; in his arms, the child was dead.

### ***Le miroir***

Your fragrance floated in the silent air: I saw the empty room and the table that you left, the book still vibrant with your thoughts, the mirror which shone like a bit of heaven. Then, alone, I bent over these things, and I piously, with closed lips, kissed on the mirror the place where your eyes had been.

### ***L'Heure exquise***

The white moon shines in the woods. From each branch springs a voice beneath the arbor. Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror the pond reflects the silhouette of the black willow where the wind weeps. Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender calm seems to descend from a sky made iridescent by the moon. It is the exquisite hour!

### ***Nuit d'étoiles***

Starry night, beneath your pinions, beneath your breeze and your perfumes, lyre, in sorrow, softly sighing, I dream of a love long past.

Melancholy, so sadly tranquil, fills with gloom my poor weary heart. And I hear your dear soul, my darling, quivering in the dreamy wood.

In the shadows of the greenwood, when, alone, I am sighing low, you come back, O! Poor soul awaken'd, pure and white as snow in your shroud.

I watch here at this, your small fountain your blue eyes like the sky; this rose, it is my dear hope, and these fair stars they are your eyes.

